shew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke?* what my young Lady and Mistresse! my Lady your Ladiship is neerer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: masters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faukners, flye at any thing wee see, wee'll have a speech strait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleased not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I received it and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine; one speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beast, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and blacke complection smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,

With